

SOLOMON. *Handwritten: K. H. 5*

AN

ORATORIO.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.



L O N D O N:

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[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SOLOMON.

ZADOK, the High Priest.

A Levite.

Chorus of Priests.

Chorus of Israelites.

WOMEN.

PHARAOH's Daughter.

NICAULE, Queen of Sheba.

1 Harlot.

2 Harlot.





S O L O M O N.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

SOLOMON, ZADOK, Priests, &c.

Chorus of Priests.



OUR Harps and Cymbals sound
To great Jehovah's Praise;
Unto the Lord of Hosts
Your willing Voices raise.

A I R.

Levite. Praise ye the Lord for all his Mercies past,
Whose Truth, whose Justice will for ever last.

Chorus of Priests.

With pious Hearts, and holy Tongue,
Resound your Maker's Name,
Till distant Nations catch the Song,
And glow with holy Flame.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Solomon. Almighty Pow'r! who rul'st the Earth and Skies,
And bad gay Order from Confusion rise;

A 2

Whose

S O L O M O N.

Whose gracious Hand reliev'd thy Slave distress'd,
 With Splendor cloath'd him, and with Knowledge bless'd;
 Thy finish'd Temple with thy Presence grace,
 And shed thy heav'nly Glories o'er the Place.

Zadok. Imperial *Solomon*, thy Pray'rs are heard,
 See! from the op'ning Skies
 Descending Flames involve the Sacrifice;
 And lo! within the sacred Dome
 That gleamy Light,
 Profusely bright,
 Declares the Lord of Hosts is come.

A I R.

Sacred Raptures chear my Breast,
Rushing Tides of hallow'd Zeal,
Foys too fierce to be express'd
In this swelling Heart I feel:

Warm enthusiastic Fires
In my panting Bosom roll;
Hope of Bliss, that ne'er expires,
Dawns upon my ravish'd Soul.

Chorus of Israelites,

Throughout the Land Jehovah's Praise record,
For full of Pow'r and Mercy is the Lord.

Solomon. Bless'd be the Lord, who look'd with gracious Eyes
 Upon his Vassals humble Sacrifice,
 And has with an approving Smile
 My Work o'erpaid, and grac'd the Pile.

A I R.

S O L O M O N

A I R.

*What tho' I trace each Herb and Flow'r
That drinks the Morning Dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's Pow'r,
How vain were all I knew?*

*Say what's the rest, but empty Boast,
The Pedant's idle Claim,
Who having all the Substance lost,
Attempts to grasp a Name?*

S C E N E II.

To them the QUEEN.

*Solomon. And see my Queen, my wedded Love,
You soon my Tenderness shall prove;
A Palace shall erect its Head,
Of Cedar built, with Gold bespread:
Methinks the Work is now begun,
The Ax resounds on Lebanon:
And see, bedeck'd with Canvass Wings,
The dancing Vessel lightly springs,
While Ophir's Mines, well-pleas'd, disclose
The Wealth that in their Entrails glows.*

A I R.

*Queen. Bless'd the Day when first my Eyes
Saw the wisest of the Wise!
Bless'd the Day when I was led
To ascend the Nuptial Bed!*

But

*But completely bless'd the Day,
On my Bosom as he lay,
When he call'd my Charms divine,
Vowing to be only mine.*

Solomon. Thou fair Inhabitant of Nile,
Rejoice thy Lover with a Smile.

Queen. O Monarch! with each Virtue bless'd,
The brightest Star that gilds the East;
No Joy I know beneath the Sun
But what's compriz'd in *Solomon*.
With thee, how quickly fled the Winter's Night,
And short is Summer's Length of Light.

D U E T.

Queen. *Welcome as the Dawn of Day
To the Pilgrim on his Way,
Whom the Darkness caus'd to stray
Is my lovely King to me.*

Solomon. *Myrtle Grove, or rosy Shade,
Breathing Odors thro' the Glade
To refresh the Village Maid,
Yields in Sweets, my Queen, to thee.*

Zadok. Vain are the transient Beauties of the Face,
Where Virtue fails to animate each Grace;
Bright and more bright her radiant Form appears,
Nor dreads the canker'd Tooth of rolling Years:
O'er such a Partner Comfort spreads her Wing,
And all our Life is one perpetual Spring.

A I R.

SOLOMON.

7

A I R.

*Indulge thy Faith and wedded Truth
With the fair Partner of thy Youth;
She's ever constant, ever kind,
Like the young Roe, or loving Hind.*

Solomon. My blooming Fair, come, come away,
My Love admits of no Delay.

A I R.

*Haste to the Cedar Grove
Where fragrant Spices bloom,
And am'rous Turtles love,
Beneath the pleasing Gloom.
While tinkling down the Hill
Avoiding hateful Day;
The little murm'ring Rill,
In Whispers glides away.*

Queen. When thou art absent from my Sight,
The Court I shun and loath the Light.

A I R.

*With thee th' unshelter'd Moor I'd tread,
Nor once of Fate complain;
Tho' burning Suns flash'd round my Head
And clear'd the barren Plain.
Thy lovely Form alone I prize,
'Tis thou that canst impart
Continual Pleasure to my Eyes,
And Gladness to my Heart.*

Zadok.

Zadok. Search round the World, there never yet was seen
So wise a Monarch, or so chaste a Queen.

C H O R U S.

*May no rash Intruder disturb their soft Hours,
To form fragrant Pillows, arise, O ye Flow'rs;
Ye Zephirs, soft-breathing, their Slumbers prolong,
While Nightingales lull them to sleep with their Song.*



P A R T II. S C E N E I.

SOLOMON, ZADOK, Levites, Israelites, &c.

C H O R U S.



*FROM the Censer curling rise
Grateful Incense to the Skies;
Heaven blesses David's Throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.*

2 C H O R U S.

*Live, live for ever, pious David's Son;
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.*

Solomon. Prais'd be the Lord, from him my Wisdom springs;
I bow in-raptur'd to the King of Kings;
He led me, abject, to imperial State;
When weak, and trembling for my future Fate;
Strengthen'd by him, each Foe with horror fled,
Then impious *Joab* at the Altar bled;

The

SOLOMON.

9

The Death he oft deserv'd, stern Shimei found;
And Adonijah sunk beneath the Wound;
Forc'd by his Crimes, I spoke a Brother's Doom,
Ah may his Vices perish in his Tomb!

A. D. R.

When the Sun o'er yonder Hills

Pours in tides the golden Day;

Or, when quiv'ring o'er the Rills,

In the West he dies away;

He shall ever hear me sing

Praises to th' eternal King.

Levite. Great Prince, thy Resolution's just,
He never fails, in Heav'n who puts his Trust;
True Worth consists not in the Pride of State;
'Tis Virtue only makes a Monarch great.

A. I. R.

Thrice bless'd that wise discerning King,

Who can each Passion tame,

And mount on Virtue's Eagle Wing

To everlasting Fame:

Such shall as mighty Patterns stand,

To Princes yet unborn;

To Honour prompt each distant Land,

And future Times adorn.

B

SCENE

S C E N E II.

SOLOMON, Levite, &c. *To them an Attendant.*

Attendant. My sovereign Liege, two Women stand,
And both beseech the King's Command
To enter here; dissolv'd in Tears
The one a new-born Infant bears;
The other, fierce, and threatening loud,
Declares her Story to the Crowd;
And thus she clamours to the Throng,
" Seek we the King, he shall redress our Wrong."

Solomon. Admit them straight, for when we mount a Throne,
Our Hours are all the People's, not our own.

S C E N E III.

To them the two Harlots.

1 Harlot. Thou Son of David, hear a Mother's Grief;
And let the Voice of Justice bring Relief.
This little Babe my Womb conceiv'd,
The smiling Infant I with Joy receiv'd.
That Woman also bore a Son,
Whose vital Thread was quickly spun:
One House we both together kept,
But once, unhappy, as I slept,
She stole at Midnight where I lay,
Bore my soft Darling from my Arms away,
And left her Child behind, a Lump of lifeless Clay;
And now, Oh impious! dares to claim
My Right alone, a Mother's Name.

TRIO.

SOLOMON.

TRIO.

1 Harlot. *Words are weak to paint my Fears;
Heart-felt Anguish, starting Tears,
Best shall plead a Mother's Cause.
To thy Throne, O King, I bend,
My Cause is just, be thou my Friend.*

2 Harlot. *False is all her melting Tale.*

Solomon. *Justice holds the lifted Scale.*

2 Harlot. *Then be just, and fear the Laws.*

Solomon. *What says the other to th' imputed Charge?
Speak in thy Turn, and tell thy Wrongs at large.*

2 Harlot. *I cannot varnish o'er my Tongue,
And colour fair the Face of Wrong:
This Babe is mine, the Womb of Earth
Intomb'd, conceals her little Birth:
Give me my Child, my smiling Boy,
To cheer my Breast with new-born Joy.*

Solomon. *Hear me, ye Women, and the King regard,
Who from his Throne thus reads the just Award:
Each claims alike, let both their Portions share,
Divide the Babe, thus each her Part shall bear.
Quick, bring the Faulchion, and the Infant smite,
Nor further clamour for disputed Right.*

A I R.

2 Harlot. *Thy Sentence, great King,
Is prudent and wise,
And my Hopes on the wing,
Quick bound for the Prize:*

S O L O M O N.

Contented I bear,
 And approve the Decree;
 For at least I shall tear
 The lov'd Infant from thee.

1 Harlot. Withhold, withhold the executing Hand;
 Reverse, O King, thy stern Command.

A I R.

Can I see my Infant gor'd
 With the fierce relentless Sword?
 Can I see him yield his Breath,
 Smiling at the Hand of Death,
 And behold the purple Tides
 Gushing down his tender Sides?
 Rather be my Hopes beguil'd,
 Take him all — But spare my Child.

Solomon. Israel, attend to what your King shall say.
 Think not I meant the Innocent to slay.
 The stern Decision was to trace with Art,
 The secret Dictates of the human Heart.
 She who could bear the fierce Decree to hear,
 Nor send one Sigh, nor shed one pious Tear,
 Must be a Stranger to a Mother's Name —
 Hence from my Sight, nor urge a further Claim:
 But you whose Fears a Parent's Love attest,
 Receive, and bind him to your beating Breast;
 To you, in Justice, I the Babe restore,
 And may you lose him from your Arms no more.

DUET.

S O L O M O N.

13

D U E T.

1 Harlot. *Thrice blest'd be the King, for he's virtuous and wise,*
Solomon. *The Lord all these Blessings has giv'n;*
1 Harlot. *My Gratitude calls streaming Tears from my Eyes,*
Solomon. *Thy Thanks be return'd all to Heav'n.*

*'Tis God that rewards, and will lift from the Dust
Whom to crush proud Oppressors endeavour;*

1 Harlot. *How happy are those who in God put their Trust!*
Solomon. *For his Mercy endureth for ever.*

Chorus of Israelites.

*From the East unto the West,
Who so wise as Solomon?
Who like Israel's King is blest'd?
Who so worthy of a Throne?*

*Zadock. From Morn to Eve I cou'd inaptur'd sing
The various Virtues of our happy King;
In whom, with Wonder, we behold combin'd,
The Grace of Feature with the worth of Mind.*

A I R.

*See the tall Palm that lifts the Head,
On Jordan's sedgy Side,
His tow'ring Branches curling spread,
And bloom in graceful Pride.*

*Each meaner Tree regardless springs,
Nor claims our scornful Eyes;
Thus thou art first of mortal Kings,
And wisest of the Wise.*

1 Harlot.

S O L O M O N.

*I Harlot. No more shall armed Bands our Hopes destroy,
Peace waves her wing and pours forth ev'ry Joy.*

A I R.

*Beneath the Vine, or Fig-tree's Shade,
Ev'ry Shepherd sings the Maid
Who his simple Heart betray'd,
In a rustic Measure:
While of Torments he complains,
All around, the Village Swains
Catch the Song and feel his Pains,
Mingling Sighs with Pleasure.*

Chorus of Priests.

*Swell, swell the full Chorus to Solomon's Praise,
Record him, ye Bards, as the Pride of our Days;
Flow sweetly the Numbers that dwell on his Name,
And rouse the whole Nation in Songs to his Fame.*



PART



PART III. SCENE I.

SOLOMON, Queen of SHEBA, ZADOK, and Chorus.

QUEEN of Sheba.

FROM *Arabia's* spicy Shores,
Bounded by the hoary Main,
Sheba's Queen these Seats explores,
To be taught thy heav'nly Strain.

Solomon. Thrice welcome Queen, with open Arms
Our Court receives thee, and thy Charms;
The Temple of the Lord first meets your Eyes,
Rich with the well-accepted Sacrifice.

Here all our Treasures free behold,
Where Cedars lie, o'erwrought with Gold:
Next view a Mansion fit for Kings to own,
The Forest call'd of tow'ring *Lebanon*;
Where Art her utmost Skill displays,
And ev'ry Object claims your Praise.

A I R.

Q Sheba. Ev'ry Sight these Eyes behold;
Does a different Charm unfold;
Flashing Gems, and sculptur'd Gold,
Still attract my ravish'd Sight:
But to hear fair Truth distilling,
In Expressions choice and thrilling
From that Tongue, so soft and killing,
That my Soul does most delight.

Solomon.

Solomon. Sweep, sweep the String, to sooth the royal Fair,
And rouse each Passion with th' alternate Air.

A I R.

*Musick, spread thy Voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling Sound.*

C H O R U S.

Musick, spread, &c.

A I R.

*Now a diff'rent Measure try,
Shake the Dome, and pierce the Sky.
Rouse us next to martial Deeds,
Clanking Arms, and neighing Steeds;
Seem in Fury to oppose—
Now the hard-fought Battle glows.*

C H O R U S.

Now a diff'rent Measure try, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Then at once from Rage remove;
Draw the Tear from hopeless Love;
Lengthen out the solemn Air,
Full of Death and wild Despair.*

C H O R U S.

Draw the Tear, &c.

R E C I -

S O L O M O N.

17

RECITATIVE *accompanied*

Next the tortur'd Soul release,
And the Mind restore to Peace.

A I R.

*Thus rolling Surges rise,
And plough the troubled Main;
But soon the Tempest dies,
And all is calm again.*

C H O R U S.

Thus rolling, &c.

Q. Sheba. Thy Harmony's divine, great King,
All, all obeys the Artist's String;
And now, illustrious Prince, receive
Such Tribute as my Realm can give.
Here, purest Gold, from Earth's dark Entrails torn;
And Gems resplendent, that outshine the Morn:
There Balsam breathes a grateful Smell,
With thee the fragrant Strangers wish to dwell:
Yet, of all Objects I behold,
Amid the Glare of Gems and Gold,
The Temple most attracts my Eye,
Where, with unweary'd Zeal, you serve the Lord on high.

A I R.

Levite. Pious King, and virtuous Queen,
May your Names resound in Story;
In Time's latest Annals seen,
Crown'd with Honour, crown'd with Glory!

Zadok. Thrice happy King, to have achiev'd
What scarce will henceforth be believ'd:

C

When

When seven times around the Sphere,
 The Sun had led the new-born Year,
 The Temple rose to mark thy Days
 With endless Themes for future Praise.
 Our pious David wish'd, in vain,
 By this great Act to bless his Reign;
 But Heav'n the Monarch's Hopes withstood,
 For ah! his Hands were stain'd with Blood.

A I R.

Golden Columns, fair and bright,
 Catch the Mortals ravish'd Sight;
 Round their Sides ambitious, twine
 Tendrils of the clasping Vine:
 Cherubims stand there display'd,
 O'er the Ark their Wings are laid:
 Every Object swells with State;
 All is pious, all is great.

C H O R U S.

- 1 Chorus. Praise the Lord with Harp and Tongue;
 Praise him all ye Old and Young,
 He's in Mercy ever strong.
 2 Chorus. Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry State;
 Praise him early, praise him late;
 God alone is good and great.

Full C H O R U S.

Let the loud Hosannahs rise
 Widely spreading thro' the Skies,
 God alone is just and wise.

Solomon.

Solomon. Gold now is common on our happy Shore,
And Cedars frequent are as Sycamore;
All, all conspires to bless my Days;
Fair Plenty does her Treasure raise,
And o'er the fruitful Plains her countless Gifts displays.

A I R.

*How green our fertile Pastures look!
How fair our Olive Groves!
How limpid is the gliding Brook
That thro' the Meadows roves!
An hundred diff'rent balmy Flow'rs
Salute the passing Gale,
When E'ning Breezes fan the Bow'rs,
And sweep th' enamel'd Vale.*

Q. Sheba. May Peace in Salem ever dwell!
Illustrious Solomon, farewell:
Thy wise Instructions be my future Care,
Soft as the Show'rs that cheer the vernal Air;
Whose Warmth bids ev'ry Plant her Sweets disclose,
The Lilly wakes, and paints the op'ning Rose.

A I R.

*Will the Sun forget to streak
Eastern Skies with amber Ray,
When the dusky Shades to break
He unbars the Gates of Day?
Then demand if Sheba's Queen
E'er can banish from her Thought
All the Splendor she has seen,
All the Knowledge thou hast taught.*

Solomon.

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tions

SOLOMON.

Solomon. Adieu, fair Queen, and in thy Breast
May Peace and Virtue ever rest!

DUET.

Queen. Ev'ry Joy that Wisdom knows,
May'st thou, pious Monarch, share!

Solomon. Ev'ry Blessing Heav'n bestows,
Be thy Portion, virtuous Fair!

Queen. Gently flow thy rolling Days.

Solomon. Sorrow be a Stranger here.

Both. May thy People sound thy Praise,
Praise unbought by Price or Fear!

GRAND CHORUS.

*The Name of the Wicked shall quickly be past;
But the Fame of the Just shall eternally last.*

